THE EVENING MISSOURIAN

(MEMBER OF ASSOCIATED PRESS)

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WELCOME, U. D. C.'S

It is appropriate that Columbia, a town noted for its hospitality and southern traditions, should entertain so representative a group of women as the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri. Banded together to care for soldiers who fought for a cause they believed to be right, and to help the children of these soldiers to be good citizens, the women of this organization have come to hold a place in the respect of the American people today. They are not trying to keep alive a dead cause, nor do they insist on discussing the merits or demerits of the ideas on which the Southern Confederacy was founded.

The national organization of which this Missouri division is a part has chapters in almost every state in the Union, and is not now strictly confined to the South. Its purposes have broadened and active chapters of the U. D. C. encourage respect for southern heroes and for the United States.

Columbia is proud to be the host to the state division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and bids them welcome.

U. S. CAN FEED US, BUT—

If America had only herself to feed she would not starve as her rate of production has kept pace with her increase of population. With the exception of meats and dairy products the production per capita has remained approximately the same or has increased, according to the 1916 annual report of the Department of Agriculture. This report, of course, does not cover last year but it is probable that the per capita production has increased.

On 1915 the United States produced 22,378,000,000 pounds of beef, veal, mutton and pork; that meant 219.6 pounds to every person or three-fifths of a pound every day in the year for every person.

If everyone had received an equal share of the food produced in 1915 the supply to each person would include:

Milk—75.5 gallons.
Poultry—5.5 fowls.
Eggs—17.8 dozen.
Butter and Cheese—21.1 pounds.
Fish—11.6 pounds.
Corn, wheat and rice—40.2 bushels.
Potatoes—3.5 bushels.
Orchard fruits—3 bushels.
Sugar—19.9 pounds.

The per capita production at present is about the same or perhaps a little more—but last year's exports were 42% in excess of the average for the preceding five years. With dairy products decreasing per capita the persons consuming milk at the rate of 75 gallons a year are getting more than their portion.

In 1899, according to the figures of David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture, each American had about thirty pounds of meat more than he had in 1915, that is, is was produced for him. Each American also had twenty gallons of milk more, while in ten years the supply of butter per capita decreased two pounds. But Mr. Houston promises more butter and milk in the future because "dairy farming is increasing in almost every section largely because it is the most economical form of agriculture so far as soil is concerned."

The American hen is the most efficient and consistent of producers. She lays only one egg per year per person more than she did sixteen years ago.

OCTOBER

October—what month in the year makes the blood tingle with life and brings the flush and ambition of youth back to our tired bodies more than this month of Indian Summer? With it, borne on the breath of its bracing winds, comes a keener enjoyment of things physical. The football player enters the game with greater enthusiasm; the student who has spent all his hours over his books feels an irresistible impulse to "get next to nature."

But something is always taking the joy out of life. The head of the house is reminded by the first chilling wind that his coal bin is still empty—and that coal prices are soaring almost in the realm of the financially impossible. Mother remembers that she has not finished making the winter clothing which daughter will soon need. Daughter is reminded that the time for moonlight strolls will soon be passed. And little Johnnie, most oppressed in every family circle, awakes to the realization that baseball and "shinney" must give way to raking the yard until the last leaf has fallen.

Like all good things, October has it attending faults. But who would barter off this life-giving month, with all its hardships, for "all the King's horses and all the King's men?" What a fitting tribute is paid to this month of months by the song of youth which reads:

"October, October, March to the the dull and sober.
"The suns of May for the schoolgirls play,
"But give to the boys October, October, October."

There is enough petroleum in the earth to last until the world comes to an end, according to a Chicago geologist. This makes us wonder by what mathematical process he reached this conclusion and how long it is until the world will come to an end.

A Liberty Loan bond is better than money. It represents a step upward in the economic scale, for it means that there is something laid up against the rainy day—and bearing interest.

If you have no "Sammy" in France or in the mobilization camps to remember on Christmas, why not buy a Liberty Bond and remember them all?

In some homes where a meatless day has been adopted the man of the house has chosen that day to lunch down town.

THE OPEN COLUMN

E. W. Stephens

Editor The Missourian: It seems a bit unjust right at first to single out any one man and give him credit for a large share of the work in boosting the building of the new tavern. But when one lives and works near E. W. Stephens, toastmaster at the opening of the new Daniel Boone Tavern, it is easy to see why this Columbian stands out as a really big man, a booster and man of affairs in the world, but always first of all, a Columbian.

Years ago when the citizens of Columbia met at the courthouse and "talked hotel" E. W. Stephens with his father attended. Then the young man who is now a member of the committee which made the hotel possible heard first of this big need of the town. He grew up always serving Columbia first and has, in later years been among the first to work for and support strongest, every good movement started here, be it big or little.

E. W. Stephens planned with the builders the construction of the new hotel, he it was who insisted that it be twice as big as was first planned, he it was who, at the opening, could trace back farthest the hopes and ambitions of Columbia for the new hotel.

Columbia appreciates E. W. Stephens. And, as has been demonstrated, E. W. Stephens is proudest, along with his other worldly assets, of his right to claim Columbia and Boone County as his home. P.

NEW LIFE-SAVING RULES MADE

Norgegian Vessels in War Zone Have Many New Appliances.

(Correspondence of the Associated Press)

CHRISTIANIA, Sept. 28.—New and stringent regulations will come into force shortly in regard to life-saving appliances to be used on Norwegian ships traversing the war zones.

Each lifeboat must be half covered with waterproof cloth as a shelter, and must be provided with oil-skins for the crew, with signal lights, a hand pump, and ample supplies of bread, meat and water. Each ship must carry an extra boat at least 105 cubic feet, and large enough to take the whole crew. This boat must contain air chambers and have a cork belt around it. Either this boat or one of the regular lifeboats must be supplied with a motor, together with fuel for two days and a tow rope. Passenger boats must have ten cubic feet of lifeboat room for each person on board.

MAKE CANNING TOMATOES PAY UNIVERSITY EXPENSES

George A. Tumbleson, 19 years old, a sophomore in the College of Agriculture in the University of Missouri, has a unique way of making money for his school expenses. He does not sell books, brushes, or bathtubs; he cans tomatoes. It's hot work and it burns but it pays. The jingle of money makes one forget all those minor ills, so he says.

Tumbleson left the University in the middle of April. That was the time the University was excusing men to go home and farm, and Tumblesome saw visions in canning tomatoes. There were seven acres at his home in Bismarck, Mo., that could be cultivated, and on those seven acres he straightway set to work. It rained the first two weeks that he was home and little was done, but then it cleared and the ground was turned over.

Not all of it was put in tomatoes. That would have been too much. Only a little over one acre was put in tomatoes and the remaining area was put in corn, beans and other vegetables. There were 5,300 tomato plants put out in four settings. The first, of a thousand, was the tenth of May; the second, of 1,600, was the twenty-first; the third, of 1,700, was the thirty-first; and the last of 1,000, was the eighth of June. Of the four settings, the first yielded the best. For one month they ripened. The last setting produced the least, only ripening over a period of ten days.

The ground for the tomatoes was plowed twice and well pulverized; then it was checked off with a plow and the planting done by hand. First came a spoonful of fertilizer that was slightly covered with dirt; then water was poured to make the ground sufficiently moist to start the tomato, and last came the tomato plant and Tumbleson on his knees to put it in and pack the dirt around it.

"I can set a thousand plants in five hours," he said, "but of course I had a little help. My brother, Bobby, who is 11 years old, poured the water and dropped the plants, but he did not love the work. He preferred a book and hammock, and only a long elm switch would keep him faithfully at work."

Ten times he plowed the tomatoes, and twice he went over them with a hoe. "Oh, my back ached and my shirt got wet with perspiration and the rows were dreadfully long, but I stuck with it. Then it got dry and dusty and I felt blue. I longed for rain, a real soaker, that would make tomatoes grow as big as pumpkins—and it came just when I needed it most."

Along toward the last of June and the first of July the tomatoes and corn could not be worked. Then came the slack season with nothing to do. But Tumbleson found something. For two weeks he worked on a section gang on the Missouri Pacific Railroad; for one week in the pit at night, knocking the fires from engines and filling them with water and coal, and then, feeling that he was strong enough to do any work, he went to Flat River and began to work underground in a lead mine. This was the hardest work he ever encountered.

"After I had been down three hours," he said, "I'd have given anything to see daylight again. I tell you that it is worth every cent of that $4.20 to shovel lead ore into those cars way down there where it is black as pitch and damp, smelly and dangerous. Those flickering lamps on the caps of the miners far off in a heading, the incessant and deafening pounding of the drills, the shouts of the mule skinners, the rumble of the cars, the eternal dripping and dampness, and the scraping of shovels and pounding of mauls are more than I care about. Never again, say I."

The tomatoes began to ripen and he left his work in the mine. For forty days he was busy canning his tomatoes. He gathered his tomatoes when they were about half ripe—to let them ripen fully in the field would mean to lose half of them—and placed them in a shed to ripen. When ripe they were washed, scalded, skinned, placed in the cans and cooked for half an hour. Then they were taken out and labeled or stored away. One thousand cans were sold to merchants at Flat River, Mo., for 12 1-2 cents a can. Three thousand were taken by Armour & Company and eight hundred by merchants in his own town.

Tumbleson estimates that he has cleared at least $400. He has not only done that but he has also supplied his family with canned beans, corn and tomatoes for the winter. He supplied them with garden truck and the land is in better shape than it was before.

Next year Tumbleson intends to raise part of his tomatoes and buy the remainder. How he ever came to think of canning is something that he does not know. "I think it originated in the family, but I don't know. Probably my mother is responsible; anyhow, I started canning last year with an outfit that cost $25, and next year I intend to put up 15,000 cans if possible."

Canning has struck Tumbleson as having possibilities and he intends to follow it after he finishes his course in the College of Agriculture. To go slowly at it and steadily increase, is his plan. What he made this year will be taken up largely in increasing his business next year, and for that reason he is working part of his way through school this year.

STEEL NETS OBSTRUCT TRAVEL

Only Friendly Ships Allowed to Pass Trap in Mediterranean.

(Correspondence of the Associated Press)

CORFU, Oct. 17.—Travel in the eastern Mediterranean during these war days is no easy matter, for the usual routes of travel are now barred by long lines of steel nets, set to catch submarines, but at the same time establishing a vast labyrinth of danger and obstruction for any sort of travel. The nets stretch clear across the main channels, from island to island, and from the shore islands to the mainland, sometimes ten and fifteen miles away. Through these nets the privileged steamer—for all the regular lines are abandoned—must pick its way, during the brief interval that an opening is made daily to permit the passage of friendly shipping.

These torpedo nets stretch away for miles. The visible part above water consists of steel cylinders, about 12 feet long and three feet in diameter, like a good-sized log. These are chained together about 30 feet apart, and at intervals of every 300 feet a large anchored buoy holds the chain in an unbroken straight line. Thus the chain runs for miles—cylinders and buoys—with the meshes of the steel net hanging under water from the chain, to gather in submarines just as fishermen make their hauls of herring.

Country Gentleman Writer Here.

J. W. Pickett of the editorial staff of the Country Gentleman was in Columbia this morning. He left this afternoon by motor for Fulton.